

Bessie and find out what's up. They left. Job, Elaine & I returned to our Mondavi. We had a very enjoyable time. Elaine believes in re-incarnation & we talked about that. We talked about substitute teaching. I mentioned that I was somewhat surprised at not being called by C.A.H.S. Elaine said that she was surprised also because she has been there just about every day. She said that she would ask Paul Kaysmerik if I were on the list. I will stop <sup>at C.A.H.S.</sup> on Friday and ask if all is well. Somehow we got on the question of John's not answering questions and I brought up the fact that he did not answer my question about how he sees the next five years of his life. He apparently dislikes that kind of a question a great deal.

- Job purchased 10 pieces of glass (11 3/8 x 46 7/16) from Allied Glass Industries (where he works) for the display cases in 301. Harry wrote him a check yesterday (\$42.40, #255) and Job gave me the receipt.
- Job & Elaine will buy out some fireworks on Friday night for when DWP is here. That will be very festive. Job & Elaine & DWP & I will go to Elk Mountain this Saturday or Sunday and ride the Chair lift & enjoy the scenery and participate in the Oktoberfest.
- Job & Elaine left (on Job's motorcycle) at about 11 P.M. I withdrew and read "A Christmas Memory."

35 THE GIANTS' REVOLT

ENRAGED because Zeus had confined their brothers, the Titans, in Tartarus, certain tall and terrible giants, with long locks and beards, and serpent-like feet, plotted an assault on Heaven. They had been born of Gaia, the Earth, and Uranus, the Sky, and were called the Hecatoncheires, "the hundred-headed".

a. Without warning, they seized rocks and fire-brands and hurled them upwards from their mountain tops, so that the Olympians were hard pressed. Hera prophesied gloomily that the giants could never be killed by any god, but only by a single, lion-kinned mortal; and that even he could do nothing unless the enemy were anticipated and he himself was ready to die. She named the mortal, a mortal of a secret place on earth, Zeus at once took counsel with Athena: sent her off to warn Heracles, the lion-kinned mortal to whom Hera was evidently referring, exactly how matters stood; and forbade Eros, Selene, and Hestia to shine for a while. Under the feeble light of the stars, Zeus groped about on earth, in the region to which Athena pointed, and at last found the mortal he sought.

b. The Olympians could now join battle with the giants. Heracles let loose his first arrow against Alyceon, the enemy's leader. He fell to the ground, but sprang up again revived, because this was his native soil of Phlegra. "Quick, noble Heracles!" cried Athena. "Ding him down, you coward!" Heracles might as well have said, "Ding you down, you coward!" and he did just that from the Thracian border, where he dispatched him with a club.

c. Then Porphyreon leaped into Heaven from the great pyramid of rocks which the giants had piled up, and none of the gods stood his ground. Only Athena adopted a posture of defence. Ruling by her spear, she hurled a lightning bolt at the giant, and he fell. He rolled in the river by a timely arrow from Eros's bow, he turned from anger to lust, and ripped off Hera's glorious robe, Zeus, seeing that his wife was about to be outraged, ran forward in jealous wrath, and felled Porphyreon with a thunderbolt. Up he sprang again, but Heracles, seeing that he was again to die, hurled a stone at the god's feet, and so to his knees; however, Aphrodite shot the wreath in the left eye and

*[The captives to take in  
in my story in  
the "captives"  
show my "water  
with tape stars"]*

*the in final water"*

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September 30, 1984, Sunday

Robert -

And so you will substitute for the librarian [can that be right?], what will your duties be [on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Being a temporary teacher is such a detached thing to do. I'm sure you remember as clearly as I do the thrill of a substitute teacher. Because the regular authority figure wasn't around I think there was legislated by the class an automatic 'suspension of the rules' and everyone relaxed and everyone had fun. It was like having a day off but still being there, on location, in the regular classroom.

Enclosed you will find ( have found ) the replacement copy of page 2 of my letter of 09/18-19 /1984 which you inadvertently damaged. One wonders how, and imagines a spilled coffee cup.

And yet one more mention of Porphyria. Having read the lines from the Robert Browning poem, "Porphyria's Lover," I began to wonder if Porphyria were a mythological person and so I went to Robert Graves' (The Greek Myths) and found there Porphyrio, who in one of his encounters tried to strangle Hera. As far as I can tell, apart from the strangling coincidence there is no connection between Porphyria and Porphyrio.

Yes, I agree, the October 6th Whites Valley event is too soon to properly schedule and I will do my best to arrange my affairs so that I can be there on October 13-14 and go up Elk Mountain. But what about the dog? Could she ride up?

What a perversion of law and order ! It is when people are afraid to testify for fear of reprimand . The crooks are taking ( have taken ) over .

"Jesuit casuistry" is beyond me, and sends me to my dictionary where I find casuistry ( *kazir'ōō* is *trē* )

The determination of right and wrong in questions of conduct or conscience by the application of general principles of ethics.

In speaking of            The Oxford Book of Death, you say that you would be suspicious of a book that included in it something by Woody Allen, and call Allen a jerk. I couldn't agree more. Somehow the term "jerk" really does sufficiently and brilliantly characterize him.

Elizabeth the First wrote poetry. Her father wrote quite a bit of music. What does Queen Elizabeth the Second do? Won't it be marvellous having a Charles III.

the fight? what will  
 look. Being a temporary  
 member as clearly as  
 lar authority figure wasn't  
 suspension of the rules'  
 ie having a day off but  
 - not born twofold

Endreuer!

"Eleanor Roosevelt at Val-Kill" by Geoffrey C. Ward  
"How-let's look at the folk, waste acres" by Lionel Casson.

→ October 1984, Volume 15, Number 7 - Smithsonian

— a copy of the text of A Christmas Memory by E. B. White  
 The text accompanies the high fidelity recording  
 owned by DWP.

- a copy of the "flyer" in the Digital reading of Walter  
by Spurr as arranged by Schoenberg, Weber & Berg.